

HOBBY

Bandwagon



Above is a side view of the Sig Sautelle tent-shaped house showing marquee effect of rear entrance and octagonal cupola. Photo is by John C. Kunzog of Jamestown, N.Y. author of story in this issue.

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HOBBY

Bandwagon

(Formerly Hobby-Swapper)

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Camden, Ohio

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Bob King writes:

I WENT TO THE RINGLING SHOW

From time to time I have read articles,
and I heard discussions of these articles,
as well as personal comments from others,
about the treatment that Fans receive
when they visit the Ringling show—and
want to get into the backyard to take
pictures, etc.

I had the pleasure of being on the
lot, in Fort Wayne, on July 21. When
I say pleasure I mean PLEASURE, with
all that the caps can imply. I had been
told by another Fan that if I went to
see Mr. Valdo, I would receive per-
mission to go into the backyard—and
take all the pictures I wanted. I saw
him—he was courteous as any man could
be—more so than many a busy man that
I meet in my own business. My wife
and daughter were with me, and when
we started into the backyard, we were re-
ceived by the man on guard as tho we
were old and true friends. When we got
there, another guard gave us the usual
warning about staying away from the
horses and the bulls—which of course
we knew enough to do in any event.
From then on, all during the matinee
performance, we stood around the back-
yard; took several pictures, talked to a
lot of folks, and never once did we re-
ceive a cross word nor a cross look. It
was one of the most pleasant days I ever
spent on a circus lot.

All this leads me to believe that there
must be some Fans—and I'm not being
personal in anyway—who are going to
the Ringling lot with a chip on their
shoulders, and who expect to be given
a hard time. And believe me, in this
world you get what you are looking for!
I had a swell time—I enjoyed every
minute of the time I was there—and the
show was grand from every standpoint.

(The pictures were not so hot—I'm
not an expert with a camera—but maybe
next time I'll do better).

ROBERT C. KING
C.H.S. No. 339

I'm taking advantage of Robert
King's fine job of writing and put-
ting into type the above article
... I think it is worthy of No. 1
spot this month.

Sincerely,
Harry M. Simpson

BRITISH CIRCUS PHOTOS

SEVEN REAL POSTCARD-SIZE
photos together with my interest-
ing list of British Empire circuses.
One dollar bill. Eddie Hawthorne,
48 Leander Road, Thornton Heath,
Surrey, England.

SIG SAUTELLE

A GREAT SHOWMAN -By John C. Kunzog

They still stand, sentinel like, as though guarding the glories of the past, the octagonal-shaped house that Sig Sautelle had built at Homer, N. Y., while immediately in the rear, across the little Tioughmoga River, stands the octagonal-shaped training stables, wherein one resounded the crack of the ringmaster's whip. The



SIG SAUTELLE

(Eddie Jackson Photo)

large animal barn that once housed the animals of the Sautelle Circus, also octagonal in shape, was razed in a windstorm many years ago.

When Sig Sautelle decided to make his permanent winter quarters at Homer, N. Y.—locale of the famed David Harum story—he drew the plans to have the buildings resemble circus tents as much as possible, and these three structures, at the turn of the century, were the magnet that drew thousands of curious to view the odd-shaped architecture.

The house, only recently remodeled when converted into a mercantile structure to house an electrical appliance store, still maintains its outward circus-tent shape. The rambling porch that once nearly encircled the house, has been torn away, the windows changed to single-pane sash, but otherwise the exterior of the building remains the same as when Sig Sautelle and his wife made Homer, N. Y., their winter home.

The success of Sig Sautelle parallels the adventures of the heroes of the dime novels, which were popular literature for youthful Americans at the period when Sautelle was taking his show through the canals of New York state, later putting it on wheels, conducting a successful wagon show, and still later taking to the rails. Only in the concluding chapter of his life does Sautelle's story differ with the ending of the stories in the "yellowbacks." In those tales the hero, after having attained success, lived happily ever after. The closing years of Sautelle were filled with insurmountable obstacles, and he died a disillusioned and broken-hearted man.

Sig Sautelle was born George Satterlee at Luzerne, N. Y., September 22, 1848, and received his early education in the schools of that village. During the War of the Rebellion he enlisted in the Union Army, being said to be the youngest soldier to voluntarily enlist—an honor of which he was justly proud.

His career as a showman was laid while in the service of his country. He made the acquaintance of a ventriloquist, under whose tutelage he was taught the art of ventriloquism for doing favors and odd chores, such as blacking boots, washing clothes, keeping them in repair, and writing letters. He was the proficient pupil and when he was mustered out he had perfected his knack of voice-throwing.

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But he did not put this talent to practical use at first, and learned the wagonmaker's trade, working at Saratoga, Glen Falls and Fort Edward. At the latter place he met Ida Belle Travers, whom he frequently entertained with feats of ventriloquism. She recognized that he evinced much talent in showmanship and encouraged him to capitalize on his ability as an entertainer.

Thus it was that when 24 years old and with \$47 capital, Sig Sautelle started a Punch and Judy show. His next step was to marry the girl who encouraged him to be a showman.

Up to this time he was known by his true name—George Satterlee—but with the launching of his Punch and Judy show he planned to adopt the cognomen of Signor Sautelle. But somehow his face lacked the Latin characteristics to go with the name, and the second syllable of "Signor" was never pronounced, and thus it was that the master showman was known as Sig Sautelle.

He gave his show in halls as well as opera houses and the plaudits of amusement seekers brought him to the attention of A. B. Stowe, who induced him to join the A. B. Stowe's Great American Circus and perform his act in the sideshow. Later he traveled with Barnum and Bailey.

For eight years he trooped around the country. In the summer with the circus, in the winter months he gave his exhibitions indoors, saving his money, and in 1882 he realized his great ambition—a circus of his own—Sig Sautelle's Big Shows—which opened at Syracuse, N. Y. The show traveled by canal boats and played towns along the Erie, Chemung, Seneca and Champlain Canals. Two boats were used, one accommodating the performers and other employees, fitted with plenty of staterooms, kitchen and large dining hall. The second boat carried the animal cages, horses, wagons, canvas, seats and other equipment.

Winter did not deter the redoubtable Sig from continuing his quest for riches. He froze his boats in the canal at Syracuse and turned them into beer saloons. To keep down the overhead on his

circus livestock during the winter season, it is stated that Sig hired out his horses and wagons to the City Fathers of Syracuse for municipal work.

After five years of plying the waterways, Sig viewed the progress made in road building with an approving eye and in 1887 he opened the season as a wagon show. This new mode of transportation opened up new horizons; his route no longer was circumscribed by canal towpaths, he could take the fork to the right or to the left, wherever the prospect seemed brightest. It also allowed for a longer season. A certain share of the profits were invested in new show equipment and by 1891 he had 225 people on the payroll; boasted two elephants, 14 cages of animals and 150 heads of horses and ponies.

Sautelle had planned to make Syracuse, N. Y., his winter quarters, and for many years was located in an old car barn on Grape street. Near the turn of the century the building was sold and Sautelle was forced to vacate the premises in the dead of winter.

Sig scouted about a few days and came back with the news that he had purchased a brick hotel and farm at DeRuyter, N. Y., a small village about 20 miles southeast of Syracuse.

The equipment was loaded and the wagons rolled through hub-deep snow toward the new home. It required two days to make the short trip.

The hotel was renamed Sautelle House, and while no one was refused, no effort was made to attract transient guests. The circus folk were just becoming contented in their new environment when friction developed over a large dog, resulting in the removal of the show quarters from DeRuyter.

Sig Sautelle had an aversion to dogs. His antipathy toward the canine world was unexplainable. He would tolerate no dogs in his circus, and no performer, no matter how valuable, was allowed to have a dog while with the show.

One of the residents of DeRuyter had a large dog that not only nettled Sautelle, but frightened him as well. Sig wanted to buy the animal to have it killed or placed on some farm where he

would not see it again. The owner, learning of Sautelle's antipathy for dogs, had a similar regard for "circus folk" and refused to part with the dog, but delighted in strolling with the animal when he knew he would meet with Sautelle, especially evenings when everyone in the village sauntered to the depot of the Lehigh Valley railroad to see the trains come in. The dog and his master were always there to silently taunt Sig.

The upshot of the affair was the removal from DeRuyter to Homer, N. Y., 20 miles to the south. Here, too, Sig purchased a hotel for the housing of his help. Homer was the locale of the famed David Harum story, and Sautelle called his hostelry the David Harum House, a name that still clings to the tavern.

The circus continued to grow in size and popularity and when the show closed at Tully, N. Y., September 23, 1901, the announcement was made that the following season the show would be on rails, using 2 sixty-foot cars for transportation; the menagerie to consist of 14 cages and the circus would have four elephants.

Sautelle startled the natives of Homer with his bizarre style of architecture — octagonal shaped buildings—resembling as near as possible a circus tent. The large animal barn was the first of the eight-sided structures to be erected; the training stables followed. Sig and his wife were living at the hotel, but it is stated that he was so pleased with his accomplishments as an architect that he promptly proceeded to draw plans for an octagonal shaped dwelling.

(There appears to be some difference of opinion among residents of Homer, regarding Sautelle's buildings. Some state that Sig razed the animal barn to build the house; others aver that all three octagonal structures were standing at the same time, and that a windstorm razed the animal barn. They also contend that the odor impregnated in the lumber of the animal barn would render it unfit for use in a dwelling).

The Sautelle Circus was a name that conjured thoughts of wholesome entertainment at a small price. The itinerary was lengthen-

ed and the new mode of transportation allowed for longer jumps to play the more populous spots. The show had won for itself an enviable spot in the circus world, and so it was during the 1904 season, Sautelle was approached by James McCaddon of the Barnum & Bailey show. He wanted a circus to take to France, and the show was turned over to him at the close of the season. Consideration \$120,000.

The outcome of this European venture is one of the dark pages of circus history. Many were the hardships endured by veterans of the Sautelle circus before again reaching this country.

On January 5, 1905, papers were signed at Lancaster, Pa., whereby Sig Sautelle formed a partnership with Welsh Bros. This arrangement lasted two seasons, and Sautelle returned to Homer.

He backed Jim Morrow in a wagon show, but the venture did not pay. With Jim Shipman, he then framed a Tom Show, using some of the idle wagons of the Morrow debacle. This venture likewise failed to click.

In 1911 he formed a partnership with George Rollins and launched Sautelle's Nine Big Shows. It was shortly after this that Mrs. Sautelle's health failed and Sig took her to Florida. She failed to improve, and they returned to Homer, where she died. She was buried at Fort Edward, N. Y.

In 1914 D. Thilman headed a group who bought the Sautelle show in August. Two months later the show again changed hands, Col. W. P. Hall buying everything but the baggage stock.

Sautelle began liquidating his real estate holdings in Homer and vicinity. He was nearing the 70-mark, yet he could not keep out of the show business. In 1917 he formed a partnership with Oscar Lowanda to put out a truck circus called Sig Sautelle & Oscar Lowanda Mammoth Motor Truck Circus. But the Midas of the circus world had lost his magic touch and the venture failed.

He removed to Fort Edward to make his home with Frank Stowell, but the yearning of the trouser could not be stilled. He made one more venture—"Humpy Dumpty Circus," a return to his

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first love, the Punch and Judy show, which he gave in schools and clubs, ending his career just as he started it.

Sautelle was a clever showman—an originator. His wife was the business brains. It was she who presided in the ticket wagon, handled all money, paid all bills. It was Sig who ruled the entertainment program.

In a previous paragraph mention was made of Sautelle's dislike for dogs. This hatred was an amazing antithesis to his love for cat. Any cat that straved on the lot would be petted and fed by Sig. One of the most pleasing acts was Sig's cat orchestra. Miniature band instruments were fastened to the paws of the cats, and with invisible threads, manipulated by Sautelle, the feline orchestra gave forth musical strains. It was, of course, Punch and Judy perspective, using felines for puppets. It was such acts as this, appealing to children and grown-ups alike, that made the show popular with the "common people."

Sautelle was not superstitious, but it became almost a phobia with him to open his season on a Friday, the nearest to the 13th of April. He was jubilant when the 13th fell on Friday. He scoffed at the misgivings of his employees when they feared disaster would strike when the unlucky 13 came on Friday, and throughout all the years he maintained his policy of letting the calendar decide his opening.

Sautelle loved diamonds, it was a fetish with him. He was dubbed the "Diamond King" and it is doubtful if he had a near rival in the respect of wearing the dazzling gems. His pride was a shirt front piece depicting a prancing steed, rearing on his hind legs, with flowing tail and mane. It was made of 1-2 carat diamonds. His hands, too, were bedecked with the glittering stones.

Sig Sautell died at Glen Falls, N. Y., June 21, 1928. He was buried beside his wife at Fort Edwards. It seems fitting that he and his wife are laid to rest just across the street from the lot where they had exhibited many times. He had little to leave, but he granted to Frank Stowell, with whom he made

his home in his last years, the right to use the Sautelle title forever.

Gone are the days when the pulses of Homer's population thrilled to the tempo of double-quick time of circus music; gone too are the days when elephants grazing on the hillside was a familiar sight.

There are those who still remember the veteran showman; recall with nostalgic memories the prevailing excitement when the gaudily painted wagons rolled through the streets of Homer to the loading runways. They recall the dim and shadowy vistas of the past and in retrospection again see the proud figure of Sig Sautelle, who was once the idol of Homer.

There are those who aver that the spirit of Sig Sautelle still haunts the scenes of his former winter quarters, and that in the sombre hushes of the night, between midnight and dawn, on the Friday morning nearest the 13th of April, there can be seen a ghostly caravan approaching a vision of tents. There is a shrill blast of a ringmaster's whistle, then a ruffle of drums, followed by a stirring march from an unseen band. A few fleeting clouds hold the scene in focus, a sudden breeze and then the first pink finger of dawn dissipates the spectral picture, revealing a barren hillside.

But the chosen few who have seen the phantom circus know it is a ghostly tribute to the master showman who is opening another season in the spirit world.

—O—

Following are some of the specs for the 1948 season: "The Circus On Parade" (Clyde Beatty); "Ponce de Leon And The Fountain Of Youth" (Cole Bros.); "Twas The Night Before Christmas" (Ringling-Barnum); "South Of The Border" (Barnes Bros.); "Parade Of Gold (King Bros.); "Spangleland Fantasy" (Gainesville Community); "Circus On Parade" (Hunt Bros.); "On The Beach At Waikiki" (Mills Bros.); "Bengal" (Daily Bros.); "Good Old Circus Days" (Royal Bros.)

HAVE YOU ANYTHING ON Ventriloquism or ventriloquists, for sale? Jenkins. 3955 Komenshy Ave., Chicago 29, Illinois.

The Bandwagon

News and Activities of the
CIRCUS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded In 1939

By Don Smith

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Mr. and Mrs. Herman Linden of Aurora, Ind., were among the spectators that witnessed the near-tragic fall of Ruth Nelson, when Cole Bros. played that city July 14.

Due to conditions beyond their control, the Circus Fans Association of America have cancelled their 1948 convention, however, a convention will be held in 1949.

Among those catching Cole Bros. Circus at Norwood, (Aug. 5) were Clyde Patterson, Robert C. King, Ed Hillhouse, Dr. Wm. Huebener, Cecil D. Scott and Harry M. Simpson.

Bill Green caught RB&BB Circus at Lincoln, Nebr., Aug. 7th and enjoyed a visit with Jimmy Armstrong, Buzzy Pott and Ernie Burch.

Willard T. Northrop of New York City, reports that the show of the Circus Model Builders and Owners Association held at Southwick, Mass., July 3-5, was a grand success and sends one of their fine programs.

Fay F. Reed of St. Paul, Minn., states that the Mankato (Minn.) Free Press of July 27th, had an article claiming that Ringling Bros. Circus started from Mankato and not Baraboo. What about this, Bill Kasiska?

Betty Leonard caught Seal Bros. Circus several times during the month of July and reports that they have a fine program.

Richard Leedom reports that he caught the James M. Cole Circus and RB&BB so far this year and hopes to catch Mills Bros. in Sept. Dick is a real fan and even takes a chance of losing his job to see a circus large or small . . . this comes from having played "hooky" while young.

Through the courtesy of Charles Philip Fox, author of "CIRCUS TRAINS", we will carry photographs of the Cole Bros. parade at Delavan, Wisc., held last month, in the Sept. issue.

Hubert H. D. Golden writes: "I caught Fleet Bros. Circus at Wayland and Olsego, Mich., that opened at Battle Creek and closed five days later at Hudson, Mich. It was reorganized one week later by Tex Orton, Jack Hoxie and Brownie Baker and opened at Wayland, Mich., with a program lasting one hour and 15 minutes. On the program was Tex Orton, Alice Orton, Jack Teeston, Jack Hoxie and Bonnie Baker. They used a 30x60 top, canopy style with a side wall inclosure. The rolling stock was 1 truck and a 4 wheel trailer, 1 house trailer, three cars and they carried their own light plant."

C. L. Brown, composer of "Circus Historical Society" and "Circus Fans Association of America" marches, is now directing the band with the Terrell Jacob Wild Animal Circus and reports that business has been very good.

On July 15th, station WLW of Cincinnati, made historical broadcast of Baraboo, Wisc., in which they dramatized the life of the Ringling Bros.

The Pure Oil Co. radio program "Band of America" recently gave a program of all circus marches and paid tribute to Henry Kyes and Merle Evans.

Charles Kitts of Beloit, Wisc., recently had a fine article on Band Wagons, published in "The Beloit Daily News" with an illustration of the "Columbia". Thanks for the "plug" Charlie.

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CIRCUS PHOTOS

Post Card Size

Set No. 1—R B-B&B (1947) 16 @ \$2.00; painted sign board (N. Y.)—Midway (Miami)—Red ticket wagon—Polly Morrissey on bull—loaded train—3 backyard scenes—8 Cinderella Spec floats. Clear and sharp.

Set No. 2—R B-B&B (1947) 15 @ \$1.90; girls on bull—bull with unusual howdah—white ticket wagon—bell wagon—cookhouse—air calliope—stock cars—res. seat ticket wagon—Willie Carr, vet. 24 hourman—menagerie—2 back yard scenes—3 Cinderella spec. floats. Sarasota winterquarters set (bldgs etc.), 15 @ \$2.00.

EDDIE JACKSON

Box 477, Macon, Ga.

P. S.—I do not exchange sets or sell individual pictures except in 8x10 size.

MODEL BUILDERS PICNIC

The Terrell Jacobs Ring of the Model Builders was a grand success. We had over 200 models on show from 1-8" scale to 1" scale. One of the members did some clowning around the Park to advertise the display. Ray Freisel, national president of the Circus Model Builders and member of C. H. S. had some 1-4" scale rolling stock with wagons and some horses which he moulded himself and I want to say they sure are the most real looking things I have seen yet. His clown band is sure a dandy. All his models are made by himself, no kits used whatever. Dick Kline also a C. H. S. member had a two hemisphere band wagon and single den cage and seat act with ring curb all in one inch scale. His band wagon is a dandy. I had eighteen wagons, one Mack truck, 2 flats, a six horse liberty act, 2 bareback riders and a four bull elephant act. All this in 1-8" scale. There were lots of the boys who had their 1-4" scale models on show. The gang is now talking of making plans now for next year.

—Wm. Watson,
Castle Shannon, Pa.

This issue was unavoidably delayed due to circuses and press break-down . . . Sorry, but a circus comes first.

Cover of the Saturday Evening Post of June 26, 1948, depicts a clown band in an old-time circus parade. Artist is Stevan Dohanos. Other recent Post covers having a circus motif were those of July 8, 1944 and August 4, 1945.

The Circus Maximus in Rome was built in 605 B. C. It originally had a seating capacity of 150,000 but this was later increased to 385,000.

"The Billboard" for June 12 carries a story on Charles L. Hunt, now 75 and on his 56th tour, and is regarded as the dean of American circus men.

The Cardiff Giant, famous hoax of 79 years ago, has finally wound up in an historical museum at Cooperstown, N. Y. The giant is now the property of the New York State Historical Association.

THE SECOND OPENING

Now gather in closely folks, I'm not going to call to your attention the time the oriental dancing girl stepped to the front of the platform to permit the gentleman making the opening to show the curious crowd he had gathered there her golden toenail and then failed to have an untieable knot tied in her sandal, but a masterpiece of midway mishap equally as mountainous.

It seems a chap named Parker Tyler has written a book, published by The Vanguard Press and on sale at your nearest book counter for three dollars a copy, which he entitles, "Claplin: Last of the Clowns." In the course of his one hundred sixty-five pages of description of Charlie Chaplin he refers to the ego and the alter ego time and again, in endeavoring to explain some action of Chaplin's, but, if the idea that some writer gets that he and he alone is competent to judge who the last of the

clowns might be isn't an outstanding example of ego on the ooze and the fact that he just isn't right about it the alter ego, I'll buy any long line skinner a pair of pig skin gloves.

The circus clown and circus clowning receives very casual mention in this treatise on Chaplin and clowning and the only way something of this sort might have happened, that we can guess at all, must have been after this fashion: Tyler evidently bought his ticket from a scalper and as Bugs Baer so aptly put it, the meanest man in the world isn't the ventriloquist that tossed a clink into the blind beggar's cup but the guy that scalped tickets to a circus. This Mephisto took an extra twist on his mustache, when he sold Tyler his beacuse it must have ended this way. Tyler must just have been walking down the midway and paused in front of the gigantic display of Mighty Minstrel Banners when the boys were out there

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COLE BROS. CLOWNS prove that the new CHEVROLET has plenty of room when the above "Joeys" and others all ride inside of the car at each performance. In the above picture, front row, kneeling left to right—Jack Kennedy, Lee

Virtue, Horace Laird, Tommie Ont'ko, Freddie Freeman, Grover Nitchman, Huffy Hoffman and Lefty La celle; back row, kneeling—Augie Pasquini, Bob Mason, Billy E. Griffin, Roy Allan and Kenneth Waite; the beauty standing is Jack Crippen.

on the platform making their opening.

That heavy set high yellow gentleman was leading off with his trumpet, giving the eye to that trombone man that was giving him back notes in the bass cleft as precise and exact as the shaggy-haired symphony conductor could get from his cello section when the strings were held down tightly the exact distance from the bridge and the bow hairs dragged across them that certain distance to get that precision in tone from those singing strings. That tall high yellow French horn man was working in-between them, but exactly with them and a heavy set black bass man was giving out real bass music with never an ump-aph. Oily sweat rolled off that black bass drummer's head as he made it loud with the beat, on his drum head, but those beats were with the rest of the boys in that perfect time.

Tyler just couldn't help but buy a ticket when the boys went on inside and that man on the box started grinding.

When on the inside Tyler caught that trumpet player sing out a tone as correct as his instrument had given him on the platform, that bass drummer's baritone and that bass man's bass joined his and then that tall high yellow tenor an went to work with those vocal cords of his and pitched a note out through those leather lips of his with the permanent wave in them to add to theirs, to make that perfect chord.

Tyler walked on out of there dazed and walked on home never getting under the marquee or into the big top at all. That night when he gave the hat check girl a ticket to the circus she must have asked him if he came in a clown suit and that was the most dope he got on the biggest part of his subject.

What this Tyler really needs to do is stop reading these opium pipes for pitchmen long enough to get over into the real column and also see his physician and when the medico asks him what's wrong and he tells him how he wrote this treatise on clowning and forgot to put any laughs in it the old boy will have his case diagnosed at once and prescribe a ticket to

the Cole Show which he can get filled at their white wagon, to overcome his ailment.

After he's seen the show and taken a big dose of those laughs for comedy sake that the following gentlemen keep bringing out of the pad room:

Jack Kennedy, 1523 N. Long Ave., Chicago, Ill.—I am strictly a white face clown—all white wardrobe.

Lee Virtue, 537 Brookover Ave., Zanesville, Ohio—picture white face clown, also a character clown. This season co-starring with Otto Griebing with clown car act.

Horace Laird, Box 567 Chester, Pa.—White face clown and mail man for fourteen years.

Augie Pasquinnucci, 10209 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio—a white face clown—specialize on clarinet and saxophone.

Jack Crippen, New Sharon, Iowa—white face clown and steam callopie player.

Kenneth Waite — producing clown—numbers which are new and laugh getting.

Lefty Lacelle from Ottawa, Canada—character clown and with Kenneth Waite troupe for three years.

Thomas Ontko — white face clown.

Billy E. Griffin, Fort Branch, Indiana—white face clown and assistant bannerman.

Leroy Allan, 725 Adams, Gary, Indiana—white face clown.

Huffey Hoffman, Zanesville, Ohio—clown for nine years on Cole Bros. Circus.

Otto Griebing, producing clown. Born in Germany, will die in America—tramp clown.

Johnnie Bogonghi, born in Italy—clowning forty-eight years—home, Sarasota, Florida.

Freddie Freeman, R. R., Peru, Indiana. Born Birmingham, England, in 1898 in an English living wagon right on the lot. Father, mother, grandparents in Circus Biz. Been over the world twice, speaks four languages. Wife came from Australia, son born in Canada. Was four years overseas in R. C. A. F. Came to the U. S. A. to stay.

And take a glance at those gorgeous girls, with the swell set of gams astride those prancing horses

and even if he doesn't have a radio set to bring him a parcel of that perfection in, profanity that some chap that joined out on ring stock is broadcasting because the beautiful girl was posing instead of watching her mount and he had to catch it as it came running in, he can take a look around at the customers, seated on the straw and come to realize that sex that makes its constant appearance isn't there because of some happening in the actor's past but because the stuff sells today. Sentiment in clowning is still there and might be traced to consumer acceptance rather than a poverty stricken youth of an individual clown. Then too the fabulous salaries that walk around clowns receive today would have eliminated it from the script in entirety.

Tyler makes a comment in his book that burlesque is a dying institution but even if he thinks so and subway fare has gone to ten cents he can still see it Inside U. S. A. at the Century, Seventh Ave. and Fifty-ninth St., and if this isn't burlesque with a college education—"Make Mine Manhattan."

When they changed the formula on Hinkle's Pills, constipated folks taking laxatives didn't become a dying institution, just taking them that way did.

May we repeat the sex angle in acts shouldn't be diagnosed as springing from somewhere in the actor's past but with Chaplin as with most actors is there today because of the box office appeal it has now, and if it weren't popular with the present generation hormones wouldn't be selling as they do—and, those ones spelled incorrectly too.

I thank you one and all for your kind attention.—Mac.

Cecil D. Scott, sec'y of the John Robinson-Loyal Repensky Tent of Cincinnati, has been appointed state chairman of CFA in Ohio, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Tom Gregory. Mr. Gregory is still national director of CFA.

Your editor could have met recently the man that started the false rumor "that if you saw one circus, you've seen them all" . . . this man had only seen one performance in his life.

BURNT CORKERS TO CONVENE AT LANCASTER, OHIO, Sept. 5

D. W. Denton, secretary of the Burnt Corkers, Inc., announced that their 8th annual convention will be held in Lancaster, Ohio, on September 5th. Tom Lavery of Columbus, will act as chairman and master of ceremonies and will be assisted by Charles Lucks of Columbus. Other committees are reception—Karl R. Denton, Charles McClintock, George Evans and Charles Lucks; kitchen chief—Charles Armbruster; hall decorator—Elmer H. Jackson. New officers are Chas. Griggs, president; D. W. Denton, secretary and Charles Tripp, treasurer. The Burnt Corker column will be resumed in this magazine next month.

Herbert Douglas and wife of West Chester, Pa., circus fans, paid Bill Green a visit at Washington, Kansas, enroute to Grand Canyon.

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